

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

WE ARE AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST... BE YE RECONCILED TO GOD.

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Original.

OBEDIENCE—HAPPINESS.

BY REV. S. GOFF.

"To obey, is to enjoy." So says the Poet. And we believe he spoke truly. And this is true, not only in *temporal* matters, but in *spiritual* also. God governs in the empire of *mind*, as well as in the universe of *matter*; and he governs by *laws*. These laws pervade every department of nature, whether animate, or inanimate. They are also perfect, invariable in their operation, and designed to produce benevolent results. And these results follow whenever the laws are obeyed. We will now proceed to illustrate these remarks.

There are laws, fixed and immutable, which govern the Planetary Systems; and were these laws violated, abrogated, or suspended, discord and ruin would inevitably follow. But since the birth-morn of time, they have answered the end for which they were designed, and order and harmony have prevailed among the hosts of heaven. And in all inanimate nature, there are laws, and these are so arranged by the all-wise and benevolent Lawmaker that they invariably answer the end designed, and the contemplated results are secured. It is true that these results are not dependent upon what may properly be termed *obedience*, for inanimate nature is not accountable; but the results are secured by the wise arrangement of the Supreme. The *means* are adapted to the end. And our object now is, to show that God rules by laws, and that so long as the laws are not violated, but have their legitimate operation—or, if we may be allowed the expression here, are *obeyed*, the end designed is sure to follow, while if the laws are infringed, or in any sense *disobeyed*, confusion, disorder, and ruin inevitably ensue.

It is even so in relation to man. There are laws for our government, designed to promote our happiness, and when they are obeyed, this end is secured, but when they are infringed, disorder and misery are the inevitable result. We are so constituted as to be capable of enjoying a high degree of happiness. Physically, intellectually, morally, and religiously, we have powers and susceptibilities which, if rightly improved, will fill our souls with gladness, and make us rejoice, and thank God for the boon of existence. And not only are we made thus capable of enjoying life—of being happy; but God has abundant blessings in store for us. The earth, the heavens, our bodies, our minds, are each a vast mine of wealth, containing rich and golden treasures. But if we would obtain this wealth, we must *labor* for it—if we would possess and enjoy these treasures, we must *dig*

for them. Or to dress the figure; our happiness, physically, intellectually, morally, and religiously, is regulated by laws which are invariable in their operation, and which when obeyed, bring their promised legitimate and full reward; but, when disobeyed, never fail of inflicting a righteous punishment upon the transgressor.

If this be so, then it will be perceived, that to receive and enjoy the blessings which God has in reserve for us, we must obey the laws upon which our happiness depends. In other words, we must be obedient to God's requirements. Nothing short of this will secure to us, the enjoyment of the invaluable boon. This is true in all the departments of life, and in *temporal* concerns men seem to understand it very well. Every one of the least perception knows that he who *sows* sparingly shall also *reap* sparingly. If the farmer but half prepare the soil, or if he sow but half seed enough, or the seed be poor, he need not, and he does not expect but half a crop, and hardly that. So with the mechanic, the merchant, the professional man—these all know that prudence, economy, industry and perseverance are essential to success in their various avocations. They all know if they are imprudent and prodigal; if they are negligent and dilatory, poverty, bankruptcy, wretchedness and ruin will be the consequence. So of the student. He knows that if he would store his mind with knowledge; if he would ascend up the mount of Science, and shine a bright star in the literary heavens, he must not be idle and inactive; but he must nerve himself for the task before him—he must exert all his energies, and press on early and late, or the glittering prize will not be his.

And so it is in everything which pertains to man as a physical and intellectual being. He can effect nothing without labor, without exertion. We were made to work—to labor and toil; and unless we do work, do toil, no real enjoyment is ours. And we repeat, that in temporal matters, so far as relates to physical and intellectual enjoyments, the world seems to understand this well enough. And in this respect, it is emphatically true, that the "children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Men will labor to amass wealth—will toil early and late to increase the golden piles. They consider no exertions too great to be put forth to secure worldly enjoyment. The Student, with his eye fixed upon the prize of literary fame, will consume the "midnight oil," and even undermine his health that that prize may be his. The warrior, dazzled with the brightness of a name, and led on by a false ambition, will expose his life on the battle field, sacrifice millions of human beings, and wade through seas of blood, to reach the goal upon which his eye is fixed. And so we might go on adding example after example in proof that men, in the strife for wealth, or intellectual honors, or worldly aggrandizement, will labor and toil, endure and suffer, and wear out life. All know they must work if they would enjoy the good desired—they must fight if they would win the prize, and wear the crown. Hence they bring their best energies to bear upon the object in view.

But, alas, how different is it, in *spiritual* things—in digging for the wealth of the soul—in searching for the

"hidden manna"—"the pearl of great price!" Here is a mine of the purest enjoyment—a fount of the sweetest pleasures—a source of the highest happiness—a wellspring of living water—a land of enduring wealth, of boundless riches! And yet multitudes never use any exertions to obtain and enjoy all these treasures. They seem to think they are hardly worth possessing—nay too often appear all unconscious of their existence. While they will put forth the most untiring and persevering endeavors to obtain those things which will "perish with the using," they are altogether inactive and indifferent in relation to those which are enduring, and will shine all the more brightly, and become all the more valuable, the more they are used. Now it must be confessed by the candid and thoughtful that men are very inconsistent in these matters. Wholly engrossed in things of small moment, yet altogether unconcerned about those of paramount importance! Oh, that God would open the eyes of understanding, arouse us to a sense of our duty, and incite us to seek our highest interest!

That we are religious beings, and that the highest enjoyment we are capable of experiencing arises from the exercise of our religious feelings, and the improvement of our moral natures, no believer in Christianity will deny. Why, then, do we not all enjoy that pure bliss, that ecstatic pleasure for which the God of love designed us? It is because we do not *seek* for it, *labor* for it, *strive* for it. This is the only reason. Our happiness in this respect, as well as in those before noticed, is regulated by laws which are fixed and immutable; and unless we obey these laws, the reward will not be ours. But when we do obey, the blessing is imparted in rich abundance. Peace, like a mighty river, flows into the soul, and a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" is experienced. But few, however, are willing to obey. If men could be religious without any exertion, they would willingly be so. If they could enjoy the blessedness of obedience without being obedient, they would most surely enjoy it. But this is not possible, for God has made the joys of his salvation here dependent upon obedience. He says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things"—all needed temporal good, "shall be added." But we, in our worldly wisdom, would reverse this. We would seek "all these things" first, and hope for the "kingdom of God and his righteousness" to "be added" *without seeking*. But this will not make us Christians, or secure the blessedness of obedience.

Let then, this truth, reader, be deeply impressed upon your mind, that to be a Christian implies action, devotion, and perseverance; and that if we would enjoy the blessedness which the Gospel is designed to impart, we must open our hearts to receive it and thank God for it. And may the serious and solemn inquiry be made by every one, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And when we know our duty, may we do it with all cheerfulness and fidelity. Then the blessing will be ours—heavenly rest—peace that passeth knowledge—the earnest of the spirit—an antepast of heaven.

Alexander, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1848.

Original.

FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN NEW LONDON, CONN.—NO. 2.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

On the next two Sabbaths following the Dedication of the Church, spoken of in my last communication, the pulpit was supplied by the writer, agreeably to previous arrangement; and during my visit, I made arrangements with the Trustees of the Society to take up my residence with them, as Pastor of the Society, supply-

ing the desk in person, or by proxy, until the first of May following, when I was to remove my family to our newly chosen home.

At the time specified, we underwent the heart-rending trial of separating from beloved and never-to-be-forgotten friends, to whom our hearts had been bound by the intimate connection of the ministerial relation, for the space of fourteen years! No pulse of the heart remained untouched—no fountain of the soul unstirred by the trying event!

"And I learned how much the heart could bear," as I bade farewell to the humble altar where I had long worshipped God, in company with those whose kindly sympathies had sustained me in my earliest efforts to redeem my consecration vows, uttered in response to the prayers and laying-on of the hands of my ministering brethren, who had evinced their confidence in me by conferring the rite of ordination.

Fourteen years of intimate communion between me and mine, and the little flock then given to my pastoral charge—a constant mingling of sympathy, in joy and in sorrow, in health and in sickness, and the endless routine of intimacies and duties growing out of the pastoral relation, had knit our hearts together; and the separation, which in distant contemplation seemed at least tolerable to be borne, came at length, like the sundering of soul and spirit! But we parted! (Heaven spare me from the agony of another hour like that,)—and immediately, with my companion, I took up my abode in New London.

In casting my mind's eye over my new field of labor, and marking out a course of future operation, the religious and spiritual wants of my society, and the place, of course, first rose to my view. The reader will please make such abatement as he chooses for the seeming keenness of my perception, and the confidence with which I came to my conclusions. But I saw, or thought I saw in the outset, a state of things in relation to religious matters, that I could not but most deeply regret. I had come from a State and region, where enlarged and exalting views of Religion had been entertained to a considerable extent—where the battle between bigotry and common courtesy had long since been fought, and where victory had been so decisively declared in favor of the latter, that the civilities of life between man and man, however widely differing in matters of religious opinion, were neither forgotten nor overlooked; and where cordial union for the promotion of the great moral enterprises of the day, was a matter of course; where, in the cause of Education or Temperance, and the moral care of the young, *all* were expected to act with united zeal. Nay, I had received my ordination to the work of the Gospel Ministry, in the church of religious opposers, as an act of courtesy to our friends, the Universalist church being too small to admit the vast concourse who had assembled to witness and join in the solemnities of the occasion, even Father Ballou, deemed by the 'Orthodox' in Religion, the *arch heretic of the age*, being allowed to stand in the consecrated desk and preach the sermon of ordination! and all this, seemingly at least, in deference to that injunction of the blessed Teacher, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

But judge of my feelings and reflections, when I found in my new locality, that even in a temperance meeting, if I attempted to speak or pray for the blessing of God upon the cause, the loudest professors of the Religion whose greatest virtue is charity, would turn away in affected *contempt*, and even leave the meeting in horror, declaring that no Universalist ought to be permitted to speak upon the subject. And more than this, it was frequently and publicly stated, in the meetings, that clergymen had declared that while I was permitted to take

part in the doings of the meetings, *they* would have nothing to do with them! This will serve as an index to the spirit prevalent in New London at the time when I took up my abode there.

The cause of this state of things may well elicit the inquiry of the reader. And, in my judgment, strengthened by close and careful observation, it is not to be found, either in the ignorance or malevolence of heart of those who could thus deport themselves; for, under better influences, they would certainly feel, and do better; but in the deep and time-fostered prejudices instilled into the mind, by a system of *pseudo* religious training, which slowly and imperceptibly, yet surely binds everything to its iron rule, and ultimately converts the mind into the unthinking and pliant tool of those who have exerted the moulding power, so that, with a sort of unreflecting and machine-like movement, things work on, as a matter of course, and the mind is often led to assent to, and sanction, what, in the exercise of reason and calm reflection, it would most heartily despise. Such seemed to me to be the prevailing state of things, as regarded the condition of the great mass of mind, when I took up my residence in New London; and everything and arrangement, from the professed minister of the Gospel, down to the most common habit of the people, seemed calculated to foster and perpetuate it.

There were noble and numerous exceptions to this rule, it is true, and many minds which were subject to the influence, felt and deplored it, while their circumstances were so inwoven with it that they deemed that they could not break away from what was regarded as a part of the movement of the general affairs of the place. And so prevalent was it, and so potent in its influence, that on a young lawyer's entering the place, with a view to establish himself in business, he was seriously advised by a friend, that friend himself a *Presbyterian*, to attend a *Baptist* meeting, that he might thereby secure a greater amount of business in his profession! And, indeed, from conversation with the inhabitants generally, a stranger could not fail to see, that nearly all their religious relations were formed and perpetuated with regard to *expediency*, and the prevailing state of things. And it grieves me much to say, that even some, professing in conversation, their undoubting belief in the truth of Universalism, were drawn into the vortex which the constant whirl of sectarian appliances had made; and one individual, at least, in other respects highly worthy, and exerting a great influence on account of wealth and standing, declared that should he act openly and independently, according to his belief, it would be ruinous to his business, and an injury to his family—and I have had the declaration from the lips of even the respectable and intelligent *female*, that these circumstances alone prevented her from an avowal of a doctrine she believed to be the truth of heaven!

I do not say that like circumstances do not occur in other communities. Alas! they do. But if they prevail elsewhere to the same extent, it has not been my fortune to witness them. Some of the causes that conspired to produce this social condition will be detailed hereafter; and I am quite confident that their statement will establish, in the reader's mind, the fact that I have drawn my conclusions from ample foundation.

Dover, New Hampshire, Nov., 1848,

Original.

EVERY KNEE SHALL BOW.

God, who cannot lie, has "sworn by himself," that "every knee shall bow to Jesus, and every tongue confess that he is Lord to the glory of the Father." The word of God is sure, it is here confirmed by an oath, and to doubt its truth is to question the veracity of Him who

cannot lie. Reader, are you doubting? It becomes you as a Christian to believe, for the accomplishment is certain. God has declared it. He has sworn, and it shall come to pass. Deny it not—doubt it not! O, no—never say that God has affirmed that which is false! Let God be true. "I have spoken it. I will also bring it to pass: I have purposed it, I will also do it." Isa. xlv. 11.

Worcester, Mass.

Original.

SCOTLAND, CONN.

BR. BULKELEY:—The last two months I have spent in Scotland, a small village about twelve miles from Norwich, Ct. And I feel that I should do injustice to my own feelings were I to pass by without, at least, some small notice of the kindness with which I was received, and the pleasure I experienced during my brief stay among our friends there. We have in the village of Scotland a number of devoted friends, who by an exemplary christian walk, do honor to the *religion* which they profess. They own a small, neat, and comfortable house, which they built about six years ago. At that time they were destitute of a suitable place of worship. They had no house that they could call their own. They were excluded from the altar around which their friends and neighbors gathered to worship; and although not very wealthy, yet they determined to join hands and erect a house where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Since the erection of their church until within the past year, Br. H. Slade, now of Foxboro, Mass., has labored among them. He has done a good work—and has left a name that will long be remembered with love and affection. By them he was greatly esteemed and beloved, and carries with him to his new home their ardent wishes for his future welfare.

As I remarked, our friends in Scotland are not very wealthy, but still, they are most of them comfortably situated in life, possessing *enough* of this world's goods to render them happy; and are indeed, I think, the most happy people I ever met with. Their farms lie scattered among the hills, at a short distance from each other. At this season of the year they have frequent social gatherings at each other's houses. These are seasons with them of rational and true enjoyment. And oft as I have met with them and shared of their pleasures, have I silently ejaculated, "Happy people!" Had it not been for the occurrence of other circumstances, gladly would I have accepted their warm and pressing invitation to make my home among them. They are a good people worthy of a good pastor. May they have one who shall be worthy of their love and affection. And I feel free to say that he, whoever he may be, whose lot shall be cast among them, will be happy as far as their efforts to render him so are concerned. My brief visit among them will long be remembered as a bright and beautiful spot in the journey of my life.

J. W. D.

New London, Conn., Dec. 12, 1848.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY.

DR. BANCROFT, in a volume of sermons, p. 391, says: "From a diligent examination of the New Testament, I am satisfied that it does not contain the doctrine of punishment endless in duration." What says the successor of the Rev. Dr., on this subject?

Dr. Jebb says: "Future punishments, as considered by our* divines, are a kind of transportation, where the sufferings are horrible, but afford no useful end. Intolerant, and persons who maintain eternal punishment, are more unfit for society than Atheists."

* By 'our divines' the Dr. doubtless meant Unitarians.

Original.

GOD'S LOVE.]

BY O. W. WIGHT.

As tides of ocean ebb and flow,
And clouds are gathered from the main
Which to the plains and mountains go,
And there descend in rain;
As drops their stay do not prolong,
But rills are formed, then rivers wide
Which roll their swollen floods along,
And seaward glide;

As nature thus its life receives,
And smiles in blooming flowers,
Abounds in fruits it thus conceives,
And builds its leafy bowers,
And what it takes returns again
With blessing to its boundless source,
And naught but beauty doth retain,
And animating force;

So beats the pulse of love divine,—
That all-embracing, perfect love
Which goes to men with blest design,
Distils from heaven above;
But from the praying heart returns,
And does not lifeless there remain—
Gives man devotion; thus he learns,
And mounts to God again.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER.—NO. XXIV.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, }
August 17, 1848. }

Interlachen is a beautiful and lovely spot. It is the residence of many Englishmen who cannot afford to live in the style they desire at home. Their limited means will go farther in cutting a dash here than there. The village itself lies in the bottom of a valley on the south bank of the Aar, between Lakes Brienz and Thun. It consists mainly of a single wide street, with large, modern built hotels and "Pensions," (boarding houses) on the north side, shaded by rows of stately walnut trees, some very large. The principal business is done in Unterseen, which joins it on the west, over the river. Lofty mountains rise abruptly all around, leaving this little vale completely hemmed about, with three narrow pass-ways for ingress and egress. One comes down from Meringen and Grindenwald, one from Lanterbrunnen, beyond which is seen the snow-capped Youngfrau, distant fifteen miles, and the Loche of Thun, with a road along side, and high mountains on either side.

Three of us went to church in Unterseen, at 10 o'clock. The building is very old, plain, large, and uncomfortable, somewhat in the style of Zuingli's at Zurich. The audience consisted mostly of women dressed in the peculiar costume of the country, with black skirts and waists, some with white bosoms and sleeves, and all, with three exceptions, with black lace caps, bordered with lace from four to twelve inches wide. Two had decent straw hats, and one none at all. Few people in the village came to church. The shops and stores are kept open and business is transacted the same as on any other day. There is little respect paid to the Sabbath by any portion of the inhabitants. Even Americans sometimes

forget the habits and lessons of home and conform to the ways of the country. The peasantry regard the Sabbath and the church more than the people of the towns. The audience was principally composed of them—a very ordinary, diminutive race, not very dissimilar in their external appearance to the Irish, though rather more tidily dressed.

At 11 we went to the English church. Forty one persons were present in the chapel of an old convent, a very comfortable place, having plain board seats, unpainted, with a strip across for a back, a comfort not found in many churches. But on the back, in front of each person, was a label, modestly informing the visitor that he was expected to contribute liberally to the support of the church, and that he would be called on for that purpose. The service was Episcopalian, to us a little more interesting than the masses of the Catholics, or the service of the reformers performed in Germany. Connected with this church are the buildings of an Augustinian Convent, now used for a hospital for the insane. It once contained fifty monks and forty nuns, whose lives were so irregular, and morals so lax that the Bernese Government caused the nunnery to be suppressed by an order from the Pope in 1431. The monks became greatly exasperated and finally got up a rebellion, which was only suppressed by the sword, when they were driven out of the Canton.

14—Rose at 4. A good bath in the cool river, and a long walk, prepared us for the excellent bread, butter, honey, and warm milk which, with the addition of coffee for those who drink it, constitute a breakfast at Swiss hotels, which, by the way, are inferior to none in the world. The weather was delightful, the sky cloudless, the air bracing. The ride, with Rev. Mr. T. of Newport, R. I., in a caleche, by ourselves along the shores of Lake Thun, was very pleasant. We canvassed the comparative condition and prospects of Orthodoxy and Universalism in Europe and America, and conversed, during our journey to Berne, on many subjects of a religious character. He is liberal in his Orthodoxy, somewhat after Mr. Bushnell's caste. I have rarely spent a day more pleasantly and profitably.

There is an old town situated at the outlet of the Thunn Zee, on and around a knoll, 228 steps high, upon which stand the church, and an old castle, with four round towers still occupied as an arsenal, the burying-ground, parsonage and high school. The principal street runs along the base of the hill, terraced on one side with stores close on the street, and a side-walk on top of them, with the main buildings back of it. It is a very fine old town on the border of the mountain, with a most beautiful country of rich meadows, fields and orchards opening to the west along the banks of the Aar towards Berne. The ride on the excellent road—all the traveled roads in Switzerland are very superior—through these rich meadows, studded with villages and farm houses, looking very neat and comfortable in every respect, is not often excelled. The large cattle raised in this region are an object of peculiar interest. We have never seen their like. The cows are much larger than the largest sized oxen raised in England or America, and are said to be a very superior breed for dairies. The oxen are large in proportion. It would be worth the while for our Western farmers to import some of these cattle for their use, to introduce a breed worthy of the greatness of their bountiful lands.

Berne is not so fine nor large a place as we had expected to see. It is old and rather rusty. But it is very romantically situated on a steep, narrow promontory, made by a sudden bend of the river Aar, which surrounds it on 3 sides, leaving barely space enough for three parallel streets, which run along the top of the ridge, increasing to seven or eight towards the west end of the

town. The houses along the main streets are built on arches in front, which extend over the sidewalk, so that the traveler is sheltered from the sun and rain. There are few public buildings of importance. The old cathedral, with a piece of sculpture over the front door, representing the Orthodox idea of the last judgment, with a goddess of Justice and her scales most prominent, as if to show the mingling of heathenism with Christianity, is a venerable pile. The library, museum, arsenal and botanic garden, are objects of some curiosity. The Bear's den, near one of the city gates, attracts most visitors. Two square yards excavated from the side of the hill and walled about, with a walk on one side and a den on the other, contain each an old black bear, the emblem on the arms of Berne. Of course, old Bruin must be seen and paid with a few cakes and nuts, for setting up-right for the amusement of spectators.

On the hill, just above the den, crowds were assembled on the occasion of the annual musical festival, at which the singers and "players upon instruments" in the several Cantons, are invited to be present by representations, and test their talent and skill for a prize to be awarded by judges duly appointed, to the Canton having the best performers. The decision gave the glory and the cup to Zurich. The trial was followed by a public dinner, eaten under a large booth erected for the occasion, and very tastefully decorated with greens and flowers. At the dinner, speeches were made and songs sung, with a general display of wit and good feeling. Several booths got up on private speculation, and innumerable quantities of cake and beer stands adorned the grounds. A vast multitude of people were in attendance, many of them dressed in costumes peculiarly romantic. The streets, gates and public buildings, were all gaily decorated with arches and festoons of branches, leaves, flowers and mottoes, expressive of the greatness and joy of the occasion. In the evening a display of instrumental music and fire works, with balls in several places, terminated the festivities of the day. We saw no case of drunkenness; but the next morning, in our usual before-sunrise walk, we saw several men and women scattered about the sides of the streets and lying on benches in the public promenades, which we were disposed to regard as specimens rather unfavorable to morals and decency.

The Terrasse is a beautiful resort. It is a promenade of several acres, shaded with trees and fitted up with benches and tables for coffee, beer and cake. The side next the river is more than a hundred feet high. Over this wall a young woman, condemned to labor on the public works, while engaged in sweeping these walks, threw herself and was killed. A thief, also, jumped over to escape the officers in pursuit of him, and was killed. From this terrace there is a grand view of the Oberland, with the white peaks jutting up from the main range at a distance of thirty or forty miles.

After breakfast we parted with Mr. T. and two young men in his charge, we to go to Chamouni, and he to return to Germany by lake Constance. Travelers in a foreign land soon become friends, and much interested in each other. The occasions of coldness and indifference at home are soon forgotten, and men act out themselves without much restraint. The man rises above the sectarian. There is too much sectarian feeling at home for the good of religion or the peace of society, or the comfort of individuals. We boast of religious freedom, but who really enjoys it? The Universalist should, in all its fulness. It is his own fault if he does not. The world asks to be free. It demands a true individualism joined in the unity of the spirit and bond of peace. Christians can unite on every good subject, temperance, moral reform, &c., so long as they keep their creeds out

of sight. Those once named, and the foundations of a mighty deep are broken up.

We, that is four of us, left at 8 for Vevag in a Voitur. At twelve we crossed the celebrated suspension wire bridge and entered Fryeburg, an old town of 8,000 inhabitants, built partly on a high perpendicular cliff and partly on the low bottom, the upper part German, the lower French. In some places the houses are built on the very brink of the precipice several hundred feet high. The Cathedral was built in the 13th century. It has a tower 360 feet high, and an organ, said to be the finest in Europe though not so large as that at Harlem. We did not hear it played. Over the front door is a carving representing the Last Judgment, as at Berne. Justice with her scales is balancing two men in one side against three in the other, who are swinging up to kick the beam, while a huge monster is clinging on to prevent. Heaven is on one side above, with God and Christ, the Virgin and angels; and Hell is on the other below. St. Nicholas, or it may be saint Peter, is guiding some of the crowd up to glory. On the other side is Satan with a hog's head, walking like a man with a basket on his back (like those carried in Switzerland) full of those who have been condemned, whom he is about to dump into a huge pot hung to a staple by a cord. He has a rope about others whom he is dragging forward to the mouth of a hideous monster, which contains already a multitude of poor wretches with dilated eyes and agonized limbs. Around at the bottom are groups praying. God is represented as a gruff old man with grey shaggy hair, and a long beard; and Christ as a middle aged magistrate, both looking very indifferent as they gaze upon the scene before them. It is a rare piece of work and will, some day, be a greater curiosity than at present, as the representative of a theological doctrine once prevalent among christians, but no longer known.

It was St. Nicholas' day, the patron saint of the city. The shops were all closed, and at 2, crowds were assembled in the church, kneeling, counting their beads, and muttering their prayers. We stepped in and heard the priest declare that there was "no salvation but in *that* church, and no forgiveness but through the intercession of the saints." We were satisfied, and came out.

A pleasant ride through a very good country, with farm houses and barns, brought us to the little town of Bulle, where we rested over night. We walked out at twilight. Everything was still, except here and there a passer through the streets. We stepped into the church. A single taper was dimly burning on the altar. Three persons were kneeling, but not a word was spoken, not a lisp was heard. A woman stole quietly in and knelt in a dark corner. A little girl came in and knelt close by me. The side where I stood was dark, but the rays of the setting day fell softly on the ceiling adorned with frescoes and images on the altar. It was a solemn scene, an hour to worship God, but not in that cheerful and glad-some spirit as when he bursts upon the world. It was the hour for the sad in heart, the fearful and doubting, to give vent to their deep and anxious thoughts. But there is something grand, something beautiful in this system of worship. The old, the young, the rich, the poor, the oppressed and weary come here and kneel together on the cold stone floor and utter the same prayers. After supper we came here again. The full moon had just risen over the Alps, and was shining brightly. A woman, as if too sinful to enter, was kneeling outside by the door. A few were inside. The taper still burned. An old monk in his coarse cloth and girdle, knelt by the altar. If these priests and monks were pure and wise, what a power for good they might wield over these simple and confiding people. We returned with solemn meditations, savoring somewhat of sadness, for we thought of our distant home, and our church and confer-

ence room where the brethren were to assemble that night. Oh, the comforts of that faith which confides all to the care and protection of a loving Father! Who can count its value?

We left at 4 A. M., and descended by a zigzag road among terraced vineyards of vast extent to Vevay, on the shore of Lake Lemman, and breakfasted at a splendid Hotel close on the water. On our way we passed a procession of boys bearing banners and images, headed by some old priests, the intent of which we did not learn. With us we should have *guessed* it to be a Sunday School excursion. But they have no Sunday Schools here.

We took a distant view of the Castle of Chillon, made famous by the author of Childe Harold, and looked about till the arrival of a steamboat which took us to this place. Passing Lausanne, which lay back from the lake, but in full view, were several other small towns at which we landed and took off passengers. There came up a shower and a few claps of thunder were heard, but not such as Byron describes, though we were in the same place where he was.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud."

CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1848.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

SUSQUEHANNAH ASSOCIATION, vs. CREED MAKING.

In another column will be found the proceedings of the above body at its last session. We have but just received them; so that the delay in the publication is not our fault. The only business transacted of importance was the adoption of a preamble and resolution rebuking certain other bodies for their temerity in saying to the world, that they have confidence in the *authenticity of Revelation*, and require those who would retain or receive their fellowship as Christian ministers, to have faith also.

Some of our brethren seem to be terribly shocked that steps have been taken to express faith in the authority of Divine Revelation. They speak of it as an innovation, the adoption of a creed, "a test of fellowship hitherto unknown." Now we would like to ask these brethren, if Universalists have ever *knowingly* fellowshipped a man as a minister of the Gospel, who has not believed that the Bible is a "special and sufficient Revelation from God?" Have we not, at every ordination, appointed a man to "deliver the scriptures as containing a *Revelation from God*?" Has not every preacher received them as such, and promised to make them the man of his counsel, his direction in faith and practice? Where then is the cause of this sudden outbreak of horror about creeds?

Some Associations, which were held accountable for the conduct of a class of men who had received an "interior illumination and developement," so clear and complete as to supercede the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the necessity for a supernatural revelation, saw fit to say to the world that *they did not accept*

these *new Revelations*, that they still embraced and loved the old Book, and were in no way disposed to countenance the dreams of a *sleeping boy* who assumed to know all about the "Universal revolving heavens," time and eternity, and on whose assertion we were to reject the miracles of the New Testament, and the prophecy of the Old. We took no new ground, but simply reiterated *what everybody before admitted*. If we are to be condemned for this, so be it. We are prepared for it and able to bear it. But we do not think it looks well for a few ambitious young men to misunderstand or misrepresent the facts in the case, lest they deceive themselves and others by so doing.

It is a little curious that all our public bodies and every individual that have undertaken to reprove the course which has been adopted by those they wish to condemn, all admit every thing we have asserted; and generally, as in the case of the Susquehanna Association, establish a *stronger creed* than the one they would disprove. They say, "We disprove of the establishment of *any other test of fellowship* than the following, viz.: A professed belief in the *theoretical and practical doctrines* taught by Jesus Christ"! That is more than the New York or Boston Associations ever dreamed of insisting upon. We say nothing about *doctrines*, but simply ask for confidence in the Scriptures, by which Christian doctrines are taught. We hold to the utmost "liberty of thought, speech, and opinion." We say nothing about "faith in God, his Divine paternity, the brotherhood of man, and the *ultimate* immortality of the human race." This is left for those who are so afraid of *creeds*. We simply demand it of our preachers, that so long as they seek our fellowship, the countenance and support of our Societies, and bear the Christian name, they should believe the Christian Scriptures, on which such name and fellowship rests. When any reject such belief, we wish they would be honest enough to say so frankly, and act accordingly.

It is slanderous in our brethren to talk about our restraining the "freedom of the human mind," adopting creeds, and all that stuff. They know we do no such thing, or else they know nothing at all. Not one of them can define his position as a Christian, without saying what is tantamount to all we have required; as was the case with the Iowa Convention, and is now with the Susquehanna Association. All who do not, deny every essential feature of Christian faith. But it has ever been so, that those who, like Abner Kneeland, reject the truth of Revelation, cry out intolerance, creeds, restraint of freedom, and all such catch phrases, by which they hope to enlist the sympathies of some friends, and kick up such a dust that they can blind the eyes of other people to their true position. We have no patience with such shameless hypocrisy, no matter how smooth its face, or soft its words. We pity the men, but despise their conduct, who are guilty of such dishonesty, such downright knavery.

We hope our Associations will inquire into the merits of the whole case before they lend their sanction, by solemn votes, to condemn kindred bodies for doing no more than what they, themselves, do, by the course they adopt. It is unkind in them to present a false issue; and indicate to the public that some very illiberal measures have been adopted, never heard of before. We repeat that those bodies have adopted resolutions far more *creedish* than the brethren whom they condemn. "Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same thing." w. s. b.

John B. Floyd, democrat, has been chosen Governor of Virginia by the legislature, 96 to 65 for all others.

THE LAST HANGING—ORTHODOXY AND THE GALLOWES.

Amos Northrup was executed at White Plains a few weeks ago for murder. The account given in the papers, justifies all that has been said about the evils of this kind of public, legal man-killing. We extract the following from a Religious Journal which insists upon the law of blood:

"There were about 2,000 persons assembled in the vicinity of the court-house, to witness the tragic scene, but many were doomed to disappointment. The gallows, erected in the morning in front of the prisoner's cell, consisted of a platform elevated about one foot above the ground. On either side of the platform were two upright posts, securely braced, and a cross-piece extending from one to the other, about ten feet above the platform. From the centre of that cross-piece hung the fatal rope. About 200 persons were assembled in the yard.

"At a quarter past 2 o'clock, the wretched culprit, preceded by the sheriff, marched into the yard. With an unflinching step he placed himself upon the platform, and seated himself in a chair, clothed in the habiliments of the grave, with the halter around his neck. The attending clergyman addressed the Throne of Grace, invoking the Divine *blessing*, inasmuch as he had confessed his fault and repented himself of the same, and accepted the offers of salvation, that he might also be accepted of Him in that world to which he was hastening."

The writer, who was present, after describing him as a large, heavy man, who had "accumulated a mass of flesh during his confinement,"—not much troubled in conscience, one would think,—says he stepped forward and made a short address, in substance as follows:

"He felt it his duty to make some remarks in regard to the unfortunate family of which the girl was a member, whose life he had taken. That he had committed the act he did not deny, and having transgressed the laws of the country, was now to suffer the penalty, and he of necessity submitted. That she had been the means of bringing him where he was, but the deed he had committed had been the means of saving his own soul. He had no hard feelings towards any of the family, nor any one in the world, and hoped that nobody had any against him: and if they had, that they might be abandoned. He had provided for himself since he was seven years old. This day had been a painful day to him, and he supposed it had been to most others. His heart's prayer to God was, that the afflicted family, and all others, might repent and be converted as he had. He was prepared and not afraid to die—and closed by saying:—Brethren and fellow citizens, I bid you all an affectionate —."

"Here his feelings overcame him, and he made a second and third effort, and in the fourth said:—

"I bid you all an affectionate and everlasting farewell."

"He then stepped back to the centre of the platform, shook hands with several, bidding them farewell. The noose was adjusted—with one stroke of the axe the rope was severed, the weight fell, and the criminal hung suspended in mid-air."

We cannot give the description that follows. It is too inhuman. But we add a few comments with the hope that the advocates of the death-penalty will consider them.

1. As is common in such cases, this wretched man, after being proved guilty of murder, to the charge of which he plead *not guilty*, and sentenced to be hung, "confessed his fault, and repented himself of the same, and accepted the offers of salvation." Of himself he said, "he was prepared and not afraid to die."

2. He says, of the murdered girl, "*she had been the means of bringing him where he was, but the deed he had committed had been the means of saving his own soul.*" What a thought!—His murder of an innocent girl the means of saving his own soul!

Monstrous! And this idea is sustained by the Orthodox, and put forth in their papers as an evidence of saving grace. Perhaps Dr. Cheever will quote it into the next edition of his work to prove the saving grace of the gallows. We trust we shall not be accused of believing that "death saves men," by those who advocate that murder is the "means of saving."

3. The dying man said "his heart's prayer to God was, that the afflicted family (of the murdered girl) and all others, might repent, and be converted *as he had.*" From this, and from other sources, we learn that the girl and her family had not repented; that she nor they had been converted, and of course she has no chance of salvation. Now look at it. This convicted man says, "She had been the means of bringing him where he was," and that had been the "means of saving his soul." He murdered her, and thus hurried her before the judgment of God, unrepentant and unconverted, unfit for heaven. She must go to hell and be tormented forever and ever. That deed was the means of saving his soul. He has been hung and is gone to heaven, where he will rejoice in perfect bliss forever and ever. The blood-stained murderer in heaven, the innocent girl in hell! Oh Orthodoxy! hide thy head for shame!

4. And then the influence. 2,000 persons assemble to see a man killed. We remember when boys used to assemble at beef and hog killings. It was a gala-day for them. Higher sport is now sought, and 2,000 people in Westchester crowded together to see a man hung up by the neck in "mid-air." They could not have been Universalists, for there are none in that region. It is a matter of some importance and anxiety to learn whether any of the "saving" grace of murder was, is as common in such cases, extended to any of the bystanders in a way to induce them to "go and do likewise." It is usually the case that a hanging is followed by a murder. We hope it may not be so in this case.

The above case is not a solitary one. It is not many years since a man of the name of Clough murdered a Mrs. Hamilton, in New Jersey, under most aggravating circumstances. Condemned to die, he repented; and under the gallows expressed his assurance of heaven for himself, and his regret that he had sent the beautiful and innocent woman to hell! Such cases should be remembered for the practical illustration of certain points of a doctrine which passes for Orthodoxy. W. S. B.

COLPORTEUR'S REPORT.

We noticed in one paper, last week, several allusions to Universalists, by colporteurs, in the following strain: "Most of the heads of families were professors at the east, but many now openly violate the Sabbath, spending the day in fishing, hunting, and in ordinary labor. Whole neighborhoods of these old professors, with few exceptions, are now advocating Universalism, Infidelity, and Deism." Another says: "I love now my work more, and feel more able than at first to bear the curses Universalists, Infidels, and other errorists." All this may serve a turn, but it proves a recklessness of principle, a disregard of truth, a lack of charity, which should be avoided by those who profess to be engaged in the cause of truth and religion. When will partialists learn to love righteousness and practice honesty? When will they cease slandering those who think differently from themselves? Is there no balm in Gilead; and no physician there? Why then are not these people cured of so severe a moral malady? W. S. B.

— The Gold fever is increasing and bids fair to knock the Merino Ram and Multicaulis epidemics into the darkest kind of a shade.

CHRIST BORE OUR INIQUITIES.

MR. EDITOR:—Under the head of "*Merit of Christ*," in your paper of the 2d December, you deny the doctrine of a *vicarious atonement*. Will you be good enough to state what in your opinion, was the object of the Prophet Isaiah in the 53d chapter, and especially in the 6th verse of that chapter?

An answer in your next will oblige a LOVER OF TRUTH.

In answer to the above respectful inquiry, we would say:

1. That the chapter represents Christ as coming to do the pleasure of God. In verse 10, it is said, "The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." The same idea is expressed in the 1st verse: "To whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" From this, it is certain that God desired the salvation of the sinner; for if he had not, he could have had no pleasure in it, and his arm would not have been revealed for that purpose. Such being the case, Christ could not have come to appease God's wrath and make him willing that man should be saved. Hence vicarious atonement has no sanction in the chapter according to that theory. God was the enemy of the sinner and impatient for his endless destruction. Christ stepped between them and endured the divine vengeance, and thus saved man from suffering what his sin deserved. In other words, because Christ suffered what the sinner deserved, God relinquished his claim upon him, so that the sinner is saved by the merits of Christ. His sufferings are placed to the sinner's account, and thus his fulfilment of the law, is the sinner's fulfilment of it. This theory cannot be taught in the chapter, for instead of coming to appease God, Christ came to do his *pleasure*, in the salvation of men.

2. In the expressions, "He hath borne our griefs," "carried our sorrows," "was wounded for our transgressions;" "with his stripes we are healed," "the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all," there is nothing which implies that Christ suffered the wrath of God for us; that what he endured was to satisfy justice. That must be a strange kind of justice, which can punish the innocent instead of the guilty; and which can reckon the guilty as innocent because the innocent have suffered what the guilty deserved. The scriptures ascribe no such justice to God. They say, that he is just, and will punish *every* man according to his works. We can conceive of nothing more unjust than to punish the good in the place of the wicked.

3. The sufferings of Christ were not the inflictions of Divine wrath, but of human wrath. "He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief: *we hid*, as it were our faces from him." v. 3. He suffered from the hatred of man; from the bigotry of man; from the fierce malignity of those among whom he labored. On him *God* laid no hand of vengeance; he suffered not one blow from the *rod of Heaven*. Read his history, and you will find that everything he endured, was from man. By man he was rejected, by man scourged, by man crucified. Look at him while upon the cross, and you will see no suffering except that which was caused by what his enemies did.

4. How then, it may be asked, did God lay on him the iniquity of us all? Matthew answers this question. "When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with *his* word, and healed all that were sick: That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by *Esaias* the prophet, saying, *Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses*." Here we see how Christ took our infirmities and sicknesses. By his supernatural power, he bore away the diseases of men. He did not transfer the diseases to himself; and consequently did not suffer them instead of man; but he cured man of them. We are willing

however, to grant, that the prophet may have intended more than this. In an important sense, our iniquities were laid upon Christ, and by his stripes we are healed. By his mission, he subjected himself to the contumely and vengeance of the world; he so connected himself with sinners that their iniquity was laid upon him; he bore them just as a good man, toiling to reform the world, bears the iniquities of those he seeks to bless. He was wounded on our account; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; what he suffered, the stripes inflicted upon him, promoted our peace, because his patience under wrong and his death, were an example to us, and gave to his religion a divine power. All our iniquities were laid upon him; inasmuch as what he suffered was on our account; and though he did not sin in our stead, and to appease the Divine wrath, his sufferings are the means by which we are redeemed from sin. Thus he bore our iniquities, because he suffered on account of them, and we are healed by his stripes because his sufferings are made to us the minister of salvation.

5. The correctness of the foregoing interpretation will be seen if we consider the evil from which Christ sought to save the world. According to the common opinion he came to save us from God's wrath. The scriptures give this opinion no support. Sin was the great evil under which man was suffering, and from which he needed salvation. And to save him from this evil, God in his infinite love sent his Son. "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins." "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and he shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." "And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob: For this is my covenant unto them, when I shall take away their sins." "And you *hath* he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins; but God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in *his* kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." Thus sin is the evil from which Christ saves us.

O. A. S.

PAYING FOR PAPERS.

Br. Whittemore has a happy faculty of reminding delinquent subscribers of their duties. In speaking of the "end of the half volume," he says, "it is the proper time now, for subscribers to settle for their papers. We have trusted them half of the year, they will trust us the other half." We like that way of coming at things. Subscribers are so apt to be dilatory in paying for their papers that their memories need a little jogging once in six months; especially those of them who do not pay up. These hints mean no others. It is too bad that publishers of papers should lose one quarter of what ought to be their income. It is the dilatoriness, often the dishonesty, of *patrons*, which paralyzes our establishments, and causes our writers to become discouraged. Let subscribers be prompt to pay for their papers and they will be sure to have better ones, and will enjoy the reading of them much better. Every week, when their paper comes, and every time they look at it, they will say, "well, this is paid for, it looks well."

THE ORDER OF GOOD SAMARITANS.

A body of this new and flourishing order, held a public meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. The audience was very large, and nearly filled the immense building in which it assembled. It is seldom that so great numbers meet on such an occasion. The speakers announced for the evening, were Mr. Jenney, of Cohoes, Mr. Mills and Rev. Mr. Skinner of this City. The latter gentleman, owing to other engagements, arrived at a late hour, and when he arose said he should make only a very few remarks. It was well that he attempted no more, for as he commenced speaking, a Mr. Benjamin, who had charge of about three hundred children present who sang several pieces very sweetly, directed them to procure their hats, shawls and coats. This instantly converted the house into a scene of wild confusion and noise; and though the audience bore it patiently, the speaker very wisely concluded that the fewer his remarks, under such circumstances, the better, and yielded the floor to the juveniles. Besides the singing by the children, pieces were sung by Mr. Brown, of Yonkers, and a lad, with very fine effect. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Dowling.

The Order of Good Samaritans is a temperance organization, based upon the principle of mutual aid. It is its doctrine that no man is so degraded that he cannot be saved; that there is a power in well directed efforts which can rescue the most abandoned. This is a noble principle, and from what we know of the Good Samaritans, we believe that they will faithfully carry it out. And if they do, they cannot fail to become numerous and influential, and to give an impetus to the temperance cause, which will gladden the hearts of thousands. The great danger of such organizations is, that public efforts will be abandoned, and the sphere of influence limited to those admitted to the membership. When such is the case, it is questionable whether they are on the whole beneficial. They may, it is true, keep many from falling and assist many who are sick. And this is a great work, and we rejoice in it. But it is not all—it is not half what should be done. Public meetings should be appointed in every part of cities and towns, and all, young and old, should, if possible, be induced to attend them. We know many of the Good Samaritans, and we are glad to bear testimony to their zeal, their perseverance, their wise labors in the temperance cause. We wish their Order success, and sincerely hope that it will be theirs to rescue many who have been robbed, wounded and left half dead. It is a noble institution, engaged in a most humane object.

GOOD NEWS FROM VIRGINIA.

We gave last week, a brief notice of the arrival of Rev. R. Chamberlain, at Abingdon, Va., and of the commencement of his labors there. The following, received from him at a later date, presents quite an encouraging account of the state of matters there at the present time. He has our warmest wishes for his continued prosperity and usefulness.

BR. BULKELEY:—The Messenger has just arrived, bringing good tidings from various parts of the land, concerning the Abrahamic Faith, its power and progress. And believing that a word from this dark corner, would be acceptable, I am impelled to write.

No preacher of our order had ever lifted up his voice in this region before I came here, and you may be assured that many are anxious to hear for themselves concerning the doctrines of the "sect everywhere spoken against." Others think their territory is invaded, and they must exert all powers against the

common foe. Notwithstanding the opposition of "Scribes and Pharisees," I have strong hopes of success. I have a small school-house in which I speak of "the good things of the Kingdom," every Sabbath. No effort has yet been made to form a Society. I think the time has not yet come for that. By the time spring opens, I believe we shall be able to gather a goodly band of devoted men and women. I anticipate much enjoyment in forming a Sabbath School; for I believe that to be one of the best means for establishing correct principles in the community, and for bringing mankind to a knowledge of the truth. How little do teachers, generally, appreciate their high privileges, and how lightly regard their responsibilities! Could they but wander from all such associations, and Sabbath Schools, as I have, they would, methinks, prize them higher than many of them now do. And the children too, who are favored with such institutions, how happy they would be in their Sabbath Schools could they but see them in their proper light!

I have been out of town but once to preach, and that was at night, at a short notice; but I had a good and attentive audience. I have been told since, that the people have already begun to talk of building a church there. I shall visit that place again next Sabbath. Whatever may be the result of the effort I have made here, one thing is certain, the people have turned their attention to the doctrine of Universalism, as something in which they are interested. It is no longer seen at a distance, and regarded as a monstrous thing, and whether I see a church formed here or not, it is not long before some one will, and I predict that it will be more flourishing than any one now here.

You who have the fellowship and communion of fellow-laborers in the cause, do not know how lonely I sometimes feel. But the belief that good will come out of my privations, cheers me in my pilgrimage, and I take courage and travel on. The nearest preacher with whom I am acquainted is Br. Jewell of Cincinnati; Br. Shingley, of Baltimore is next. I feel almost alone in the work. I wish you would send me the quarto instead of the folio paper. It is better for binding, and I am now situated where every word that is printed on the subject of Universalism, is worth saving. When anything new occurs, I will write again. Truly thine, W. R. CHAMBERLAIN.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF FRANCE.

We give below a synopsis of the New Constitution of France. This is the *ninth* attempt to establish a Constitution in that country since 1790; whether more or less successful than its predecessors, is a matter of some doubt. In no case has the true republican principle been consulted. Very good Constitutions they all might have been. But the permanency of a fundamental law depends, in a great measure, upon the views entertained of it by the people; whether they consider it as theirs by free-will, by adoption, or whether it is forced upon them. In all cases the latter has been the course of the French Government. The people have never formed and adopted a Constitution defining their own rights and limiting the powers of Government. But the Government has made Constitutions defining the privileges granted to the people, and has, with due ceremony, proclaimed them to be the supreme law of the land. The provisions of all such constitutions, are no more than lines written in sand. France is still lacking in the first principles of Republicanism. Power is claimed as hereditary in government, and privileges are given to the people. The former is not responsible to the latter, but the latter to the former. There the people are the servants of government, while here, the government is the creature of the people, and the representative

sponsible to the constituent. But the French will learn the source of power, when the army refuses to be the tool of government for the oppression of the people.

The new Constitution was to be *proclaimed* (not adopted) in the Place de la Revolution, on the 12th ult. The National Guard and Army, assisted by the Arch-Bishop and five hundred clergymen were to inaugurate it as the supreme law of France. The seven millions of people of the country have had no direct voice in all this. Their business is *submission*. Queer republicanism for the 19th century. But the army is mighty, and who can demur? A military republic is a strange anomaly.

"The penalty of death for political offences is abolished. Slavery cannot exist on French soil. Each form of religious faith shall receive equal protection from the State. The press cannot in any case be submitted to censorship. Education will be under the surveillance of the state. All citizens are equally admissible to every public employ without other motive of preference than merit. Nobility is forever abolished, and all distinction of birth, class or caste. Each shall contribute to the taxes in proportion to his fortune and means. The number of representatives to compose the National Assembly is to be 700—elected under very nearly the same conditions, as the Charter sought in England. No member of the Assembly can, during its sitting, be named or promoted to a paid public office. The election is to be triennial. The President of the Republic must be a native of France, aged thirty, at least, and who shall never have lost his qualifications of citizenship. He is elected for four years, and can only be re-eligible after an interval of four years. If any candidate for the Presidency has not obtained more than half of the expressed suffrages, and at least two million of votes; or, if the conditions (as to birth, citizenship, &c.) be not fulfilled, the National Assembly shall elect the President, by an absolute majority and secret scrutiny from among the five eligible candidates who have obtained the greatest number of votes. The President shall dispose of the armed force without power ever to take the command in person. He shall see to the defence of the state, but cannot undertake any war without the consent of the National Assembly. His salary is fixed at \$120,000 per annum. He has the power to name and revoke his ministers, diplomatic agents, naval and military commanders, the governors of colonies, and other functionaries of a superior order. The vice president shall be named by the National Assembly, and cannot be chosen from the kindred of the president, even to the sixth degree of relationship. Both criminal and political delinquencies, and offences committed by the press, shall be tried by jury. Every Frenchman shall be liable to military service, and can be liberated only according to the provisions of the law of recruit. The territory of Algiers is declared French territory, and will be governed by particular laws till a special law shall place it under the government of the constitution now proclaimed."

"SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE of Literature and Art, for January, 1848." This is a new arrangement in the Union, and a very excellent one. To the usual amount of very excellent reading, will be added the finest mezzotint embellishments, by Sartain. The present is a beautiful number, and we are confident all the rest will be equally so. It is decidedly one of the best monthlies issued from the American press. Mrs. Kirkland retains the place of principal editor.

ORDINATION AT BREWSTER, MASS.

Br. O. W. Bacon, was ordained to the work of the ministry at Brewster on the 7th inst. Sermon by Rev. D. J. Mandell, assisted in the services by Rev. E. Partridge, R. S. Pope, S. Barden, C. Spear, and A. Abbot.

MINUTES

Of the proceedings of the Susquehanna Association of Universalists for 1848.

"Met, according to previous adjournment, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 4th, 1848. Chose Br. John Wilson, Moderator, and Br. D. S. Morey, Clerk. Read and adopted the minutes of the last Session. Received the credentials of delegates, from the Societies in this Association. Adjourned until after the close of religious services in the P. M.

Wednesday afternoon. Met according to adjournment—prayer by Br. Morey.

Appointed Brs. Finn, Palmer and Foster a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

Committee on fellowship and ordination report that no application has been made the past year for fellowship or ordination. Report adopted.

Committee of discipline report no cause of complaint. Report adopted.

The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—Delegates to the State Convention, Brs. Guild and Dodge, ministerial—Col. Frederic Bailey, A. Swart and Edwin Blade, lay—with power to appoint substitutes. Committee on fellowship and ordination, Brs. E. E. Guild, G. S. Ames and Wallace Kent. Committee of discipline, Brs. Wm. M. Delancy, Robert Kent and John Wilson. Preacher of the next occasional sermon, Br. E. E. Guild.

Resolved, That the request of the Chenango Association, N. Y., relative to the ordination of Br. Dodge, be granted, and that ordination may be conferred on him at any time he may designate.

The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted: Whereas, several of our ecclesiastical bodies have established tests of fellowship hitherto unknown in our denomination, and in our opinion inconsistent with the freedom of the human mind and the liberty of thought, speech and opinion, and whereas, in the opinion of the members of this Council, Christianity consists in the theoretical and practical doctrines taught by its great founder, Jesus Christ; and, whereas, we feel bound to fellowship all as Christian believers, who have faith in God, in His Divine Paternity, in the Brotherhood of man and the ultimate immortality of the human race: and, whereas we disclaim all right to dictate to those who profess to believe in the Christian religion, the grounds on which they shall base their faith, therefore,

Resolved, That we disapprove of the establishment of any other test of fellowship than the following, to wit, a professed belief in the theoretical and practical doctrines taught by Jesus Christ and a life consistent with such profession.

Voted, That Br. Morey prepare the minutes for publication in the New York Christian Messenger.

Adjourned to meet at Montrose on the first Wednesday and following Thursday in Oct. 1849.

D. S. MOREY, Clerk. J. WILSON, Moderator.

Lay Delegates present—Robert Kent, Daniel Foster, Montrose; Lucius Waters, Edwin Foot, Prompton; C. R. Palmer, H. W. Kent, Brooklyn; Abram Swart, Honesdale; John Wilson, Edwin Blake, Benton; Daniel Underwood, S. W. Stearns, Preston.

Ministers present, Brs. A. Peck, Binghampton; E. E. Guild Prompton; J. B. Gilman, Brooklyn; Finn, Benton; G. S. Ames, Gibson—Wells, and D. S. Morey, Louisville, N. Y.

Sermons were preached by Brs. Finn, Ames, Morey, and Peck. The weather was unpleasant during the meeting; it did not however prevent a goodly number of the brethren from neighboring societies attending this annual jubilee. The taste of the choir in

its selections, and its skill in their execution, deserves commendation. Our Brethren in Prompton received us kindly, and are remembered. The sermons (as far as it becomes us to speak) were calculated to do good, and we believe that the cause was benefited, the hearers made better, and God honored. Thus may it ever be.

D. S. M.

LETTER FROM EAST JAFFREY, N. H.

EAST JAFFREY, November 4th, 1848.

BR. SKINNER:—You ask me to inform you how the "Good Cause" prospers in this place. Well, I will tell you to the best of my knowledge. Br. Clark yet remains with us, and the prospect now is that we shall not part with him, unless some unforeseen event occurs which we cannot overcome. He is a man of undoubted worth, filled with the true love of the Gospel, and with a keen sense of his duty to know none other, but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Consequently, we have all that is requisite to feed the hungry and starving soul in this vicinity. We have a neat, convenient, and pretty house to worship in, with a congregation as large and as constant as any in this county, of our faith or any other, with two or three exceptions. Quite a contrast this, with your early labors here, when the brethren of the so-called Orthodoxy of the day reigned triumphant. But truth is mighty, its course is onward and upward, and it must ultimately prevail. We seem to be somewhat unhappily situated in one respect, though pleasantly in others. For there is no society of impartial faith for us to associate with, nearer than Temple, some eight miles distant. But there are several Unitarian churches in the towns adjoining, which are very friendly, and their clergy are so kind as to make frequent exchanges with Br. Clark. This gives us an opportunity to see the workings of the life and spirit of liberal Christianity, which, though reasonable, still is faulty in regard to many of the conclusions of the fundamental doctrines, which our great Master taught. We also have a Sabbath School connected with the society which has prospered well during the past season. This is in brief our condition. But more anon.

Yours truly,

E. S. F.

DEDICATIONS.

Two new Universalist Meeting Houses were dedicated to the worship of God, in the State of Vermont, on the 30th ult. One in Washington, and the other at Lyndon Centre. The cause in both places, is represented as in a very flourishing condition.

ALBANY, N. Y.—A GOOD SIGN.

A letter from Br. Waggoner informs us that the friends in Albany are much encouraged with their present prospects. The Sunday School has been considerably increased of late, and the meetings are well attended. There seems to be a general awakening discoverable on every hand.

A week or two ago, the preacher of the Unitarian Society being absent, an invitation was extended to Br. Waggoner to supply their desk in the forenoon. Having no appointment for that portion of the day, he cheerfully complied with their request. The Society were so well pleased that many of them expressed a hope that frequent exchanges would be had hereafter between him and their minister.

We like these tokens of liberality, of Christian feeling and confidence. They cannot fail to be productive of good. While the Limitarian sects are doing all they can to coalesce as far as possible, shall Liberal Christians be backward in those works of love which alone can show the fruits of their better faith? We

hope not. There is no reason, but the want of a "willing mind," to keep Unitarians and Universalists from a frequent manifestation of a reciprocity of feeling, which would reflect great credit upon both denominations, and be the means of immense good to the cause of Christ.

NOTICE.

The Orchard-street Sabbath school will hold its annual Exhibition, on Monday, (Christmas) night, December 25th. The exercises will consist of original dialogues, addresses, singing, &c. No pains will be spared on the part of the teachers to make it interesting and instructive to all who may attend. Exercises will commence at 7 o'clock. Tickets 12 1-2 cents, to be obtained of Br. Collamore, 605 Broadway; W. H. Conant, No. 5 Bowery; James Y. Watkins, Catharine-street; J. L. Sacket, corner of Grand and Ludlow, and at the door on the evening of the exhibition.

NEW LONDON.

We are pleased to learn that Rev. J. W. Dennis has accepted an invitation to labor with the Society in New London, Conn., for a few months, with the understanding that if the arrangement should prove mutually satisfactory, it will be rendered permanent. May success attend both pastor and people.

OUR COUSINS IN OHIO.

Such is the title of a 12 mo. 250 pages, of a Juvenile work from the pen of Mary Howitt. It is well written and the perusal of it cannot fail to interest and profit those for whose special benefit it is intended. Published by Collins & Brother, 254 Pearl-street.

UNIVERSITY SERMONS.

Such is the title of a handsome volume of 250 pages octavo, consisting of twenty-one Sermons on various subjects, preached by President Wayland, in the chapel of Brown University, Providence, R. I. Published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. For sale by Lewis Colby, 122 Nassau-street, New York.

✍ In answer to the anxious inquiries of the Vermont Universalist Watchman, we have to say, that the "Messenger," is neither dead nor napping, and as it has been regularly mailed, as formerly, it must be owing to the neglect of Uncle Sam's agents, rather than to a disposition to "cut the acquaintance" of its right worthy friend and neighbor the "Watchman," that it has not made its appearance in due season.

ROSE OF SHARON.

We are much pleased to learn, that Mrs. C. M. Sawyer is to succeed Mrs. Mayo, as Editress of the Rose of Sharon. A better selection, or one more acceptable to the readers of that elegant Annual, could not have been made.

REMOVALS.

Rev. E. A. Eaton has received and accepted an invitation to remove to Cambridgeport, Mass.

Rev. J. J. Locke, has removed to Boston, and desires to be addressed accordingly.

IOWA.—Hon. Augustus C. Dodge and Gen. Geo. W. Jones, democrats, have been elected to the U. S. Senate by the Legislature of Iowa, on the first ballot, by a strict party vote.

Miscellaneous Department.

Original.

AN INVOCATION.

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

God of my every hour!
Being, Spirit, Power!—
Each soul that flames
Thyself proclaims,
And writes its message with a pen of fire.

A faint and wand'ring ray,
Hurl'd from the blazing Day,
Would turn again to Thee,
The peerless Deity,
And tune to purer praise the spirit's lyre!

Immense, unbounded God!
The soul's eternal road,
Thro' flame and strife, points on
To thine immortal throne—
The source, the centre, and the home of Good!

Spirit and Prince of years!
Thro' nightly gloom and tears,
Breathe wisdom, love and power
On each weak and wayward hour,
And place our wand'ring feet where prophets stood.

Norwich, Conn.

TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS OVER OBSTACLES—MR. J. R. REMINGTON.

We find the following remarkable narrative of the sufferings, perseverance and final success of a rare American genius, in *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine* for November, addressed to the late Hon. D. H. Lewis. The writer is a native of Virginia, and went to England in January, 1847, to look for the appreciation which he had not in Washington:—

STAFFORD, England, Aug. 15, 1848.

My DEAR SIR:—I should have written sooner, but that I had nothing pleasant to say. I reached London on the 1st of January, 1847, without money or friends, which was just the thing I desired when I left America, and just the thing, I assure, I will never desire again.

I commenced operations at once, on supposition, that, in this overgrown city, I would at least enlist one man. But Englishmen are not Americans. An Englishman will advance any amount on an absolute certainty, but not one penny where there is the slightest risk, if he got the whole world by it.—I spent the first five months looking for this man, with unparalleled perseverance and industry, living for less than three pence per day. I am convinced that a few persons in London know so much of that incomprehensibly large city as myself. But alas! my wardrobe was gone to supply me with wretchedly baked corn bread, on which I lived entirely. I slept on straw, for which I paid half a penny a night. I became ragged, and filthy, and could no longer go among men of business. Up to this time my spirits never sunk, nor did they then; but my sufferings were great. My limbs distorted with rheumatism, induced by cold and exposure—my face and head swelled to a most unnatural size by cold and toothache; and those who slept in the same horrid den as myself, were wretched street beggars the very cleanest of them literally alive with all manner of creeping things. But I was no beggar. I never begged, nor ever asked a favor of any man since I came to England.

Ask George Bancroft, whom I called upon two or three times, if I asked the slightest favor, or even presumed upon the letter you gave me to him. I did write him a note, asking him to come and see the triumph of opening the bridge at the Gardens, and delivered the note at his own house myself, and although Prince Albert came, I never got even a reply to my note. If Bancroft had come and been the man to only recognize me in my rags as I was, it would have saved me

much subsequent suffering. I will not believe that Bancroft ever saw my note, for his deportment to me was ever kind.

The succeeding three months after the first five I will not detail, up to the time, when I commenced to build the bridge. I will not harrow up my feelings to write, or pain your kind heart to read the incidents of those ninety days. My head turned gray, and I must have died but for the Jews, who did give me one shilling down for my acknowledgement for £10 on demand. These wicked robberies have amounted to several hundred pounds, every penny of which I had to pay subsequently; for since my success at Stafford, not a man in England who can read but knows my address. It cost me £10 to obtain the shilling with which I paid my admittance to the Royal Zoological Gardens, where I succeeded, after much mortification, in getting the ghost of a model made of the bridge. The model although a bad one, astonished everybody. Every engineer of celebrity in London was called in to decide whether it was practicable to throw it across the lake. Four or five of them, at the decision, declared that the model before them was passing strange, but that it could not be carried to a much greater length than the model. This was the point of life or death with me.

I was standing amidst men of the supposed greatest talents as civil engineers that the world could produce, and the point decided against me. This one time alone were my whole energies ever aroused. I never talked before—I was haggard and faint for want of food—my spirits sunk in sorrow in view of my mournful prospects—clothes I had none—yet, standing over this model, I battled with those men. Every word I uttered came from my inmost soul, and was big with truth—every argument carried conviction. The effect on those men was like magic—indeed, they must have been devils not to believe under the circumstances. I succeeded. My agreement with the proprietor was that I should superintend the construction of the bridge without any pay whatever, but during the time of the building I might sleep in the Gardens, and if the bridge should succeed, it should be called "Remington's Bridge."

I lodged in an old lion's cage, not strong enough for a lion, but by putting some straw on the floor, it held me very well, and indeed was a greater luxury than I had for many months. The carpenters that worked on the bridge sometimes gave me part of their dinner. On this I lived, and was comparatively happy. It was a little novel, however, to see a man in rags directing gentlemanly looking head carpenters. The bridge triumphed, and the cost was £8, and was the greatest hit ever made in London. The money made by it is astonishingly great, thousands and tens of thousands crossing it, paying toll; besides being the great attraction to the Gardens. Not a publication in London but what has written largely upon it. Although I never received a penny, nor ever will for building the bridge, I have no fault to find with Mr. Tyler, the proprietor, for he has done all fully that he promised to do—that was, to call it "Remington's Bridge."

The largest wood cut, perhaps, ever made in the world, is made of the Bridge. Every letter of my name is nearly as large as myself. The bridge to this day is the prominent curiosity of the Gardens. You can't open a paper but you may find "Remington's Bridge." Soon after it was built, I have frequently seen hundreds of men looking at the large picture of the bridge at the corners of the streets and envying Remington, when I have stood unknown to the crowd literally starving. However, the great success of the bridge gave me some credit with a tailor. I got a suit of clothes and some shirts—a clean shirt. Any shirt was great, but a clean shirt, O what a luxury! Thousands of cards were left for me at the Gardens, and men came to see the bridge from all parts of the kingdom. But with all my due bills in the hands of the Jews, of course I had to slope, and came down to Stafford.

I first built the mill, which is the most popular patent ever taken in England. The coffee-pot, and many other small patents, take exceedingly well. The drainage of Tixall meadows is the greatest triumph I have had yet in England. The carriage bridge for Earl Talbot is a most majestic wonderfully beautiful thing. Dukes, marquesses, earls, lords, &c., and their ladies, are coming to see it from all parts. I have now more orders for bridges from the aristocracy than I can execute in ten years, if I could do them. Indeed, I have been so much among the aristocracy of late that what, with high living, being so sudden a transition from starving, I have been compelled to go through a course of medicine, and am just now convalescent. Of course, anything once built precludes

the possibility of taking a patent in England, but its merits and value are beyond all calculation.

A permanent, beautiful and steady bridge may be thrown across a river half a mile wide, out of the reach of floods, and without anything touching the water, at a most inconsiderable expense. The American patent is well secured at home I know. I shall continue to build a few more bridges of larger and larger spans and one of them a rail road bridge, in order that I may perfect myself in them so as to commence fair when I reach America. I have a great many more accounts of my exploits since I came to Stafford, but must defer sending them until next time. I beg you will write me, for now, since a correspondence is opened, I shall be able to tell you something about England. I know it well. I have dined with earls, and from that down—down—to where the knives, forks, and plates are chained to the table for fear they should be stolen.

I am, my dear sir, your obedient servant,
J. R. REMINGTON.

Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Selected.

THE ORPHAN BEGGAR.

A little boy, an orphan, too,
Whose fingers' ends with cold were blue,
With pearly drops in either eye,
Ready to start when piety's nigh,
With timid steps approach'd the door,
[Some scanty pittance to implore]
Whose brazen knocker, smooth and bright,
Mock'd all the efforts of the wight.
His little hands its place supplied,
And open flew the portal wide.
A clergyman of modern date,
Less famed for kindness than estate,
Now eye'd the boy from top to toe;
And listening to his tale of woe,
Said: Take this crust—'tis mouldy, too—
But still, 'tis good enough for you!"
The boy received it with good grace,
And turned about to quit the place.
"Stop," said the priest, "an orphan boy
Should not pursue such bad employ.
Answer me this, pray can you read?"
"Ah! no, sir, 'tis a truth, indeed."
"Not read! why then you cannot pray,
I'll teach you; after me thus say,
Our Father who in Heaven art,"
["Our Father"—touched his little heart.]
"Is he your father then, and mine?"
"Yes," said the reverend divine;
"God is the father of us all—
Of rich and poor, of great and small,"
With feeling unobscured, the boy
Summ'd up the whole in this reply:
"We're brothers; then let it not be said
You ever gave me mouldy bread!"

From the Hartford Times.

THE THANKSGIVING PRESENTS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

[CONCLUDED.]

But time, though sorrow seems to make it long, still ever has its end; and at length the day before thanksgiving arrived.

Hal arose with a troubled heart. In spite of all his efforts, there were still ten cents to be earned, ere he could procure his turkey. He might have then counted it all. But one evening, so destitute were they, that they were obliged to go supperless and the boy hearing the cries of the little ones for food, and marking the faint appearance of his mother and sister, took from his little hoard a precious ninepence, and buying some Indian meal and milk, carried it home to them, whispering to Mary as he came in, "I'll trust to Providence to replace it for my present." Had it not been for that generous deed, he would have had the requisite sum and two cents over; but he asked himself as, before going to school one morning, he counted it over, would he have been so happy as he was, when after telling his mother it was money honestly gained, she kissed him so tenderly and called him her noble boy, and the little ones hung about him thanking him for their supper. His heart answered no. Still he felt anxious about securing the remainder of the sum, and right glad was he to learn from the teacher there would be no session of the school that day. With so many hours before him, he hoped to earn it. He spent the whole morning in search of work, would, and did go two miles and back for a single cent, yet with all his exertions, when noon came he had earned but four cents. The afternoon hours wore on, the town clock struck four, and yet the six cents were wanting. With a depressed heart, Hal was turning from the market to go home, when an old employer of his father, laying his hand upon his shoulder, said pleasantly, "are you very tired, my little man?"

"Not at all, sir," was the ready reply.

"Then perhaps you'll carry this bundle to my house, and take this bright fourpence for your pay?" Hal jumped so high when the coin touched his hand as to astonish the man; which remarking, he blushed and said in a polite manner, "I will do your errand, and am obliged indeed to you," and bounded off, his heart light as his feet. This duty done, he hastened home. A sad, dreary looking place it was. The fire was low, and there was not a piece of wood with which to replenish it. Mary sat on a low stool, close to the few embers, with the babe on her lap, her apron drawn close over its purple arms, while around her were gathered the other children, whom she was striving to amuse by the recital of little stories. Mrs. Merton sat beside the window, striving by the falling daylight to complete the child's dress she was busy with. Showing the fourpence to Mary, and taking his money box, Hal ran quickly away. Proudly did he walk into a shop where hung a good row of dressed fowls. Stepping up to the owner, with whom he was well acquainted, he accosted him:

"Good evening, Mr. Goddard; I want to buy a nice turkey."

"You buy a turkey?" was the answer, in a sort of incredulous, questioning tone.

"Yes, I should like to buy one."

"Your father has got home then, I suppose."

"No sir, he has not."

The man looked a little curious and wondered, as well he might, how Hal could find means to buy a turkey: for well did he know the situation of the family. Then the happy boy took from his pocket the little box and told how he had come by the contents. "It will buy a turkey, will it not, Mr. Goddard?" said he, not a little anxiously. The man's heart swelled, and he was forced to turn aside and wipe away the great drops that stole down his cheeks.

It was some time ere he could master his emotions sufficiently to answer Hal.

"How large a turkey would you like," said he at length.

"As large a one as my money will buy, sir. We don't very often have good things now, and we shall all be pretty hungry."

Mr. Goddard took down a fine turkey and weighed it. It was a little over ten pounds. He had paid that morning a dollar for it and could readily sell it for twelve or fourteen cents a pound. But what matters it, said he, if I don't make a cent out of it, my heart will be the richer, and he handed it to the boy who, with sparkling eyes, paid down his hard earned money. It was a much finer one than he had anticipated receiving, and happy was his heart as he turned to go.

"See here, Hal, when you've carried that home, come back and you shall have a nice pumpkin pie to set beside it."

The boy almost doubted his ears. Was it true? A feast they would certainly have, and running home he entered by the back way and hid the turkey in a barrel, till he could go for the market man's present.

He meanwhile, had run over to his dwelling and related to his wife the circumstances.

"You can spare him a pie, can you not?"

"Of course, I can," said she. "Sorry indeed should I be to have so fine a family as the Mertons go without a taste of pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving." She brought one and set on the table. Looking at it a moment, she added another.

"There are a good many of them, over there, said she, appealing to her husband; "and it ain't often they have good things," and she placed beside the pies a large pound cake handsomely frosted."

"I have got a plenty of them, and we shan't be a cent the poorer in the end, and they'll be a great deal happier; so just take the cake and pies over to him. She is a good woman, poor Mrs. Merton, that she is; and it's a shame she hain't got a better husband."

Hal really doubted his eyes when Mr. Goddard showed him the presents. Grasping his hands, he wet them plentifully with his tears. "I cannot thank you as I want to, but indeed I am very grateful."

"Never mind thanks, my boy; but run home with them."

Swiftly did Hal obey, first with the pies, and then with the tempting cake. Placing them on a small table in the pantry, he entered, the room, striving to look unconcerned, though his heart beat so he could almost hear it.

It was but a few moments ere his mother rose to get a cup of water for one of the little ones, when her scream of surprise as she opened the door, more than thrice repaid her boy for all his labors. She could not understand it, and looked wonderingly from Hal to Mary. The latter explained the phenomenon of the turkey, and then the former related the generosity of the market man and his wife. Mrs. Merton could not speak, but withdrew into another room, to give vent to her full heart in tears of gratitude for the blessings God had left her in her children, and for the kind feelings which yet beautify human nature.

She was calm when she returned and taking down her hood and shawl, said in a sweet voice,

"Now that we have a turkey, we must have some fire to cook it; I must go with my work to Mrs. Trull's."

The children's hearts were troubled a little. Mrs. Trull was a hard woman to work for; so every one said whom necessity compelled to labor in her service. She always beat down the wages, and even then was loth to pay them.

"If mother should not get her pay," said Hal in a doubtful tone.

"Oh I guess, that is, I hope she will," replied Mary, striving to speak encouragingly. "Mrs. Trull was so particular about telling mother to get it done to night, that I am very sure she will get the money."

Mrs. Merton ascended the marble steps of the palace-home, herself quite confident of being paid on presenting her bill. She rang, and in answer to her summons the servant who appeared, said Mrs. Trull was very busy and could see no one.

"But I must see her," said Mrs. Merton; "I have some work she gave me particular orders to bring to night."

"Give it to me then," answered the girl in an impudent tone "and I'll take it to her."

"I must see the lady myself," was the reply in a firm voice.

The servant went off muttering and presently returned, telling her to go up stairs. She went and found the lady, half buried in the voluptuous depths of her rocking chair. Upon a rich cushion beside her, reposed a lap dog, and she was busy, very indeed, in fondling the beautiful pet!

"You wished to see me," said the lady in a languid tone, only half raising her head and without bidding the tired woman sit down.

"I have brought home the child's dress you gave me to make. You wanted it, I believe this evening."

"Yes, very much. Little Fred must have a new dress for Thanksgiving. Let me see it."

It was handed her. Carefully was every seam and every turn in the embroidery, inspected. It was finally pronounced perfect, and then carefully thrown upon the floor, and the dog-carreasing resumed. Not a word was said about the pay, and like all delicate minds, Mrs. Merton shrank from asking for it. At length the lady looked up.

"Ah!" said she, "I thought you had gone. Do you want any more work?"

"Not this evening ma'am, but——" She waited, thinking the lady would speak, but she did not, and the thought of her cold hearth stone gave her courage and she resumed.

"If convenient, I should be very grateful if you would pay me for making the dress."

"You must call day after to morrow. I haven't a cent of change."

"But my children will freeze before that time. I need the money very much. There was a touching pathos in the poor mother's voice."

"I have told you, when you could have it," answered the lady with some asperity; Mrs. Merton felt it was useless to contend with fate, when fate is in the hands of a heartless or thoughtless woman of fashion.

A single glance at her countenance as she entered her home, revealed to the children how illusive had been their hopes. They said nothing however. For some time they sat around the little bed of ashes, each busied in their own thoughts, and sad, desolate ones they were. It grew at length so cold, that the mother bid them rise and run about to keep warm. Hal started up at that moment.

"I've just thought of something, mother. I'll go down where they are building the new boat. I saw a whole lot of large thick chips there this morning, and the men said any one might have them who would carry them away. I'll take a basket and get some. They'll keep us from freezing, if they won't cook our dinner," and off he ran.

He had scarcely been gone two minutes, ere he rushed into the room almost out of breath, so eager to tell his news.

"Mother, mother, what does it mean? There is a man at the door with a load of wood, all sawed and split—and he says he was ordered to leave it at the house of Mrs. Henry Merton, 15 Green st. Do you suppose it is ours?"

"I am sure I can't tell," answered the mother, half bewildered as she stepped out to see.

"Isn't there some mistake?" said she, her limbs trembling lest it should be so.

"No ma'am, I guess not. This is 15, and your name is Miss Merton, ain't it?"

"Yes, but who sent it?"

"I don't know. I always carry the loads where I'm told to, and don't ask any questions; that's the way I was brought up. But come show me where your back gate is, that I can unload, for it is getting late."

Hal pointed the way and ran through to assist in bringing it in, but cried out to his mother, who was just closing the front door:

"There is something in the doorway, mother, I can't get out; bring a light quick."

Mary had just lighted the small end of a candle, and with her parent ran to see what was the matter. How great was their surprise at the sight. The obstacle was a barrel of flour. Upon it, lay a fine turkey and a half dozen chickens; beside it two huge pumpkins, a bushel basket full of potatoes, and a covered basket which, when opened, was found to contain tea, sugar, coffee, lard, eggs, butter, candles and various little packages of condiments; not a great quantity of any, to be sure, but sufficient to make a merry Thanksgiving for the poor family.

Hal swung his old cap and huzzard so loudly as to make the next door neighbor wonder what they were about at the Mertons. The mother and Mary spake not, but tears trembled in their eyes and their bosoms heaved.

A bright fire was soon kindled and after its genial warmth and light had diffused themselves over the cold room sufficiently long to warm thoroughly the benumbed inmates, Mrs. Merton drew them around her and knelt down, returning thanks to the Father above, for all his mercies and especially for their sudden relief from starvation and cold. She prayed as only a mother thus situated could pray; then in a tremulous tone, went up an earnest petition for the absent, the erring one. Not a word had they heard of him since he left, and her voice was broken as her fears, her hopes, her wishes, were presented to her God. As she uttered the last word, a deep manly voice responded, amen, and starting as though the magic wire had thrilled their nerves, they beheld, leaning against the door, that husband, that father, in whose behalf Heaven had just been implored.

In a moment the happy man seemed very much in danger of being suffocated with caresses. His wife's arms were about his neck; Mary was kissing one hand and Hal the other, while the little ones clung to his knees, and even the babe crept to him and placed a tiny hand on the muddy boot. When at length they released him, with what pride and pleasure did they gaze on him, and well might they; for he was a noble looking man as he stood there, so evidently himself again. Their cup seemed full. Drawing near the fire, he enquired kindly after all, and asked with some anxiety how they had got

along. Mrs. Merton looked at Mary as though she wished her to speak, and the young daughter in a manner peculiar to herself related the month's experience. As she ended, Hal clapped his hands on his knees and looking up to his father exclaimed,

"Shan't we have grand times to-morrow?"

"I guess we shall; but while listening to the story of all of your presents, I had almost forgotten mine."

"Did you really bring us a present, father?" said little Ellen, pressing his palms, "then I know——" she stopped, blushing and confounded.

"Then you know I haven't been drunk, Ellen. No; and with God's help, Hal shall not very soon be called the brat of a drunken rascal." His voice was husky. He left the room, returning in a few moments however, and presenting his wife with something that seemed to the children like a small scroll in a gilt frame. At a glance Mrs. Merton comprehended it, and giving it to Mary, escaped to the bed room to give vent to her emotions. Surely might she weep with joy, surely might Mary murmur God bless you, father; and Hal shout, and little Ellen dance——the present was a pledge of total abstinence signed, HENRY MERTON.

After the lapse of some minutes the father turned to Mary.

"I have eaten nothing since morning, and have rode thirty miles and walked around in the city considerable. Can't you give me some supper? I wonder if mother could't bake some of her nice short cakes, I should open that barrel of flour." Nothing in the room escaped Mrs. Merton's ear, and as soon as the last sentence was uttered, she rose from the bed and bathing her eyes a few moments, came out. She did not look at her husband; but he did at her, and felt that all his struggles were repaid a thousand fold.

Then was there a merry time in that apartment. Hal brought in more wood, and ran for fresh water and filled the tea kettle and an iron pot and hung them over the blazing fire; Ellen prepared some potatoes and put them to boil; Mary wiped the gridiron and drawing out a fine bed of coals, set it upon them, and had soon a couple of fowls nicely broiling; Mrs. Merton brought out the tin oven and had some light cakes rising and browning; while father now dandling the babe, and then tossing Fred; George was in everybody's way and yet just where everybody wanted him.

When the meal was prepared and placed upon the neatly arranged table, a happier circle never gathered around the festive board. All were hungry, and all ate heartily; no, not all, Mrs. Merton could scarcely swallow a mouthful. She had been faint and longing for food all day, but her soul had now quaffed so deep a draught of joy, that temporal wants were all forgotten.

"Late, almost midnight was it, ere the children could be persuaded to retire. When they were gone, and the mother's foot had ceased to stir the cradle, Mr. Merton, softly drawing his chair close to his wife, took her hands, and looking into her eyes, asked in a deep anxious voice——

"Dare I hope my Mary will forgive the erring one, will bless me with the kiss of love?"

Mary was speechless; but she pointed to the pledge that hung above the fire place, then looked upon him with such an earnest thrilling glance, the love light quivering so beautifully in her flooded eyes, that he felt all was forgotten. He clasped her to his bosom in a passion of joy, kissing her brow, cheeks, lips, as though she were the bride of an hour. And she——her very soul was bathing in Elysian dreams; Heaven seemed her home; an angel's breast her pillow.

Secular Department.

FROM EUROPE.

The Niagara arrived at Boston Saturday morning with seven days later intelligence from Europe. The news has been sent across the wires, and is of considerable importance.

There is great trouble in Rome. A body of the clubs, populace, &c., after the assassination of Rossi assembled and demanded the appointment of a new ministry. They were resisted by about 100 Swiss guards, and forced to retire, but their places were soon supplied by large numbers of troops, who invested the palace of the Pope, and compelled him to submit to their wishes.

On the 18th, the Ministry was formed with Mazzarelli, President of the upper chamber, President of the Council, and Memi-

ami, Sterbina, Cambollo Lunati and Serini. The Swiss were sent away, and the National Guard occupied their post in the castle. The popular club is the Supreme Government, and decides upon all combinations.

The new Ministry has put forth an address, in which they say they will convoke the Chambers.

The French government have sent a force to Civita-Vecchia to support the Pope against his subjects.

In Vienna the energetic measures taken by the Prince Windesgratz seem to secure tranquility.

The emperor of Russia has sent the Prince a letter with the order of St. Andrew, and to Jellachich an equally flattering communication has been made, together with the order of St. Ulatismer.

SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION, AT STAMFORD, CONN.

The Sabbath School, connected with the 2d Universalist Society in Stamford, Conn., will give an exhibition on Christmas Evening, 25th inst. The services will consist of a selection of dialogues, single pieces, and vocal music.

Stamford, 16th, Dec. 1848.

BUSINESS ITEMS.

Pro. Whittemore, credit Daniel Hawkins, New York, \$4, and charge the same to this office.

MARRIAGES.

In Hartford, Conn., Dec. 10th, by the Rev. H. B. Sule, Mr. Harvey Miller, Jr. and Miss Sarah Bullard, both of Hartford.

In Granby Conn., by Rev. A. L. Loveland, Mr. Henry C. Reed, of Hartford, and Miss Laura Godard, of Granby.

By Rev. T. B. Thayer, Dec. 13th, Mr. Lambert Heyniger, to Miss Sarah Henrietta Satchell.

By the same, Dec. 14th, Mr. William H. Van Vorst and Miss Augusta Taylor, all of Brooklyn.

In Stamford by Rev. J. J. Twiss, Mr. Andrew Boyd, to Miss Elizabeth J. Waterbury.

DEATHS.

On the 30th ult. Mr. E. A. Brisbane, aged 22 years.

In the death of Brother Brisbane, the cause of truth has lost a noble champion. About six years ago he first had his attention drawn to the subject of religion, and united himself with the Methodist denomination, and earnestly sought to obtain religion by complying with the forms of that sect; frequently going forward to the altar to be prayed for, &c. But he was unable to realize what they term conversion. From this circumstance, and being naturally inclined to inquire into cause and effect, he was led to seek for the truth elsewhere; and having heard considerable about Universalists, he was led to attend their meetings. In the faith of Universal salvation he found that, for which he had so earnestly sought. He became a firm believer in the doctrine of God's impartial goodness, connected himself with the Fourth-street church and became a faithful teacher in the Sabbath School. About eight months ago, he felt a call to preach, and did so, as often as circumstances and health would permit. But shortly after this period, his disease, consumption, the foundation of which had been laid in youth, began to develop itself, compelling him to refrain from public speaking. From this time he began gradually to decline, but as his disease wasted his physical nature, that faith which he cherished added new beauty to, and strengthened his spiritual; and when within a few days of his departure, I conversed with him on the subject of death and the views he entertained respecting it, he remarked that he had "no desire to remain longer, but was anxious for his time of departure to come;" for then said he, "I shall be free from pain, and in the society of the spirits of just men made perfect." I asked him if he had any doubts in relation to the views he had entertained of the future state, and he answered none. Thus he departed from earth, as calm and serene as the setting sun on a summer's eve, in the full hope of a blessed immortality. May God sanctify this dispensation of his Providence

to the good of his bereaved parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and lead them to look for consolation unto Him that doeth "all things well."

W. G.

In Chester, Vt., of the Consumption, Dec. 2d, Mrs. Eliza D. Sherwin, wife of Henry H. Sherwin, aged 28.

This youthful mother thus early called from earth, has left a little son motherless in the hands of an afflicted father. Strong were the ties that united this earthly pair, which death has now sundered, leaving one in sorrow here, while the other is borne hence. Though many friends mourn, "they mourn not as those that mourn without hope."

But why for this lov'd one we weep,
Since death has mov'd her from our homes?
For calm and peaceful is her sleep.
Where tears and sorrows never come.

Cold may the winds blow o'er her grave,
They ne'er disturb her still repose,
Though keen and wintry rounds they have,
Playing with frosts and drifting snows.

There may the plenteous rain descend;
Around may forked lightnings glare;
The thunders dreadful roar may rend
Its pealing accents harmless there.

Her soul has found a fairer land,
Where spirits pure from earth have fled.
Where no one yields a parting hand,
Where farewell tears are never shed.

She's gone and to a brighter shore,
Where purest waters ever flow;
Where autumn's blasts are felt no more,
And wintry tempests never blow.

S. C. L.

In New London, on the 8th inst., Major John French, aged 65 years,

Maj. French was a Universalist. He exemplified the doctrine in such a manner as to secure the confidence and love of all who knew him. He was respected by everybody for his mild and generous disposition, for his attentions in trouble and sickness, for his benevolence to the poor, and for his uniform goodness as a neighbor and citizen. One of the strongest proofs of a good man is that he loves children, and that children love him. Jesus said "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." All the children in New London loved Maj. French. Crowds of them came to inquire after him while he was sick, and many of them wept when he died. Many came to take a last look of his remains on the day of his funeral.

He was resigned and happy during his sickness, having no fear of death. He told his family they must not weep for him, for he was only "going to step from one door to another." He should soon be perfectly happy. He remained tranquil to the time of his death, which was known only by his ceasing to breathe, for he made not a struggle; he moved not a muscle. And the same placid smile he wore while living played round his lips in death.

A short time before his death, he requested his family to take care of a little casket, in which he had some mementoes from the children. On opening it there were found various little tokens of affection which had been given him by children who loved him, whom he used to serve and please in many ways.

In the death of Maj. French, his family, the community, and especially the Universalist Society have sustained a heavy loss. But his death will be sanctified of God, to their good. A vast concourse of people from all the religious societies assembled at his funeral, which was held in the Universalist church, on Sunday last, and showed by their countenances the interest they felt on the occasion. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Balch of New York, assisted by Rev. Mr. Stickney of Middletown, and Br. Dennis, the pastor of the Society.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. Lyon is giving a course of Lectures in illustration and defence of Universalism, in the church, corner of South Third and Fourth-st. Williamsburgh. Subject next Sabbath evening, The mission of Christ.

Rev. S. C. Bulkeley, will preach at Blauveltville, the 5th Sunday in this month, and at Peirmont in the evening,

PROSPECTUS OF THE EIGHTEENTH VOLUME OF THE NEW YORK

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

TO BE EDITED BY

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley.

A new volume of this paper will be commenced on the 11th of November. It will be published as heretofore, on a super royal sheet, in folio form. The paper will be of good quality, strong and white, and the mechanical execution will be equal to that of any other denominational paper.

It will be devoted to the defence and illustration of Universalism; Morality, Literature, and Science; to questions of Reform and Progress, and General Intelligence. It will contain Sermons, Essays, Scripture Expositions, Reviews of Books, interesting Moral Stories, Juvenile Pieces, Denominational and General News.

Besides the productions of the Editors, it will contain articles from our best writers. Regular Correspondents, in different parts of the country, have been engaged to furnish the earliest information touching the interests of our cause.

New-York is the Commercial Emporium of the Union, and it affords peculiar facilities for the publication of a Universalist paper; and we hope to make ours worthy of an extensive patronage. If past experience and untiring perseverance will enable us to do so, our friends may depend on receiving one equal to any in the Denomination.

We respectfully ask the aid and co-operation of all our present patrons and all who wish well to our success, promising, on our part, to do every thing in our power to render the Messenger an acceptable and useful paper.

TERMS.

The MESSENGER will be Published every Saturday, at Two DOLLARS a year, payable in advance; to which Fifty Cents will be added if not paid within Six months from the time of subscribing.

Persons sending us Ten Dollars, shall receive six copies, or Twenty Dollars, Thirteen copies.

S. C. BULKELEY & CO.

Messenger Office, 140 Fulton-street, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1848.

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NEW-YORK MARKET—WHOLESALE PRICES.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

PROVISIONS.

Flour, per bbl.,	\$5 25a3 75	Beef, mess, per. bbl. 9 75a11 00
Wheat, Genesee, bush.,	1 28	" Prime, " \$5 75a6 75
" Western, " 1 06a1 15		Lard, per lb., " 7a8
Indian Meal, per bbl., 2 88a3 00		Cheese, " 6 1-2a7 1-4
Corn, round, per bush., 64a68		Butter, Orange Co. dairy, 19a21
" mixed, " 56a60		" Western " 16a18
" New Orleans, " 58a60		" Ohio Common, 10a12
Rye, " 62		Salt, Turks' Island, bush., 21
Oats, " 34a36		" L'pool grnd, sack, 1 02a1 05
Pork, Mess, per bbl., 12 75a\$13		" fine, " 1 25a1 35
" Prime, " 9 50a\$10		Wool, pulled and fleece, 23a 36

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hay, pressed, per 100 lbs. 43a50	Timothy Seed, tierce, 15a17
Hops, per lb., 9a10	Clover " per lb., 6a7
Feathers, live American, 30a35	Flax, rough, in bulk, per
Flax, per lb., 9	bushel, 1 20a1 25

New-York Cattle Market...Monday, Dec. 18.

At market 1100 Beef Cattle, 65 Cows and Calves, and 2,000 Sheep and Lambs.

BEEF CATTLE—There has been a good deal of animation in the market the past week. Prices may be quoted from \$5 to \$8 per cwt. About 100 left over.

COWS AND CALVES—Sales at from \$24 to \$32 a 44 50 according to quality and condition.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The offerings are rapidly falling off, and prices, this week, show a decided improvement upon previous quotations. Prices of sheep 1 50 3 25 a 6; Lambs 1 25 to \$3. All sold.

HAY AND STRAW—The weather having cleared off, there was a good attendance at the scales to-day. Good Timothy retails at from 62 1-2 a 75c per cwt. Straw at 2 50 per 100 bds.